HERO and *LEANDER*,

A

POEM.

SING, Muſe, of hidden Love the conſcious Flame,
Nocturnal Joys, and ſecret Bliſs proclaim;
Sing the bold Youth, who Nightly ſwam to prove
The diſtant Pleaſures of a Foreign Love;
Hero's Marriage, and conceal'd Delight,
Unſeen by Morn, and wrap't in Shades of Night.
Where was the Place their Joys did firſt begin?
The happy *Seſtos* claim'd the bliſsfull Scene.
See! where the Youth the conquer'd Billows braves,
His rowing Arms divide the yielding Waves!
And lo! from far there ſhines a glimm'ring Light,
Through tractleſs Seas his faithful Guide by Night!
The kind Proclaimer of approaching Joy,
The Nuptial Torch, which did it's Light employ
To the fair Virgin's Bed to guide the am'rous Boy;

The ſacred Repreſentative of Love,
A Light, which (had it pleas'd propitious Jove)
Might claim a Place among the Fires above;
There to have ſhone a bright, Immortal Flame,
Adorn'd with Light eternal as it's Fame;
O'er Nuptial Joys it's Office to preſide,
And bleſs the Bridegroom, and adorn the Bride;
On Earth propitious to a faithful Pair,
Nocturnal Pleaſures were it's conſtant Care;
This gentle Office bore the friendly Flame,
'Till bluſt'ring Winds the faithful Light o'ercame.
But, Goddeſs, Thou the double Loſs relate,
The Torch extinguiſh'd, and the Lover's Fate.
Where *Helle*'s Waves the neighb'ring Shores divide,
A Sea-port Town appears on either Side;
Abydos One, and One was *Seſtos* nam'd,
That for *Leander*, This for *Hero* fam'd;
The beauteous Couple ſhone with equal Grace,
Each, like a Star, adorn'd their Native Place;
The God of Love beheld with wanton Joy,
The lovely Virgin, and the graceful Boy;
He ſaw what matchleſs Charms they Both diſplay'd,
And thought One only for the Other made,
Then choſe a Shaft from out the fatal Store,
The keeneſt Dart his Golden Quiver bore,

(Wing

(Wing'd with gay Love, and tipt with young Deſires,
It never fail'd of kindling am'rous Fires)
To Either Shore the well-aim'd Arrow fly's,
And at one Flight obtains a double Prize,
With equal Ardour ſtruck the beauteous Pair,
The Fair the Youth, the Youth ador'd the Fair.
Should ever Fate direct thy Courſe that Way,
Who e'er Thou art, awhile thy Journey ſtay;
Oh! let two faithful Lovers hapleſs Love,
Thy gentle Breaſt to tender Pity move!
Oh! for Their Sakes ſurvey the fatal Shore,
Nor rudely paſs the pleaſing Proſpect o'er!
Here view the Tow'r, where *Seſtian Hero* ſtood
To guide her Lover thro' the diſtant Flood;
And there *Abydos'* melancholy Coaſt,
Whoſe murm'ring Waves yet mourn *Leander* loſt.
The mournful Story haſt We to diſcloſe,
From whence at firſt the Infant Paſſion roſe,
And how the tender, and imperfect Flame,
Foſter'd by Love, to full Perfection came,
Whence the Youth's Paſſion ſprung, and how the Maid
His ardent Love with equal Flames repay'd.
The faireſt Goddeſs in the Courts above
Fair *Hero* ſerv'd; a ſecond Queen of Love;

Commanding Beauty, and Superior Grace
Proclaim'd Her ſprung from no ignoble Race;
With noiſeleſs Eaſe, and Solitude content,
Her Time (ſecure in Innocence) She ſpent;
With ſtrict Diſcretion, and a ſtedfaſt Mind,
Her Sex's vain Impertinents declin'd;
Dances and Plays (thoſe Baits of Love) She fled,
Nor knew, nor wiſh'd to know the Marriage-Bed;
She ſcorn'd the Pleaſures of the noiſy Crowd,
Tho' Young, yet Cautious; Beauteous, yet not Proud.
Cloſe by the Sea, a lonely Tow'r there ſtood,
Whoſe riſing Walls o'erlook'd the neighb'ring Flood;
Far from her Parents here She liv'd obſcure,
From Cenſure free, from Female Tongues ſecure;
(For Pride too oft with Envy taints the Fair,
Ill can a Woman Rival Beauty bear!)
Her ſole Delight was in her Office plac'd,
And *Venus'* Shrine with conſtant Care She grac'd;
With vain Precaution too, the Pious Maid
Libations oft on *Cupid's* Altar ſhed;
Nor Vows, nor Pray'rs the cruel God could move,
Nor liquid Off'rings quench the fi'ry Dart of Love.
At *Seſtos* now the ſolemn Feaſt was ſeen,
In Love's Remembrance form'd by Beauty's Queen,

Whi

Whilſt Year by Year Religious Rites are pay'd
To mournful *Venus*, and *Adonis'* Shade.
Deſire to view the ſacred Sports exhauſts
The Iſles around, and drains the neighb'ring Coaſts;
The Gay, the Grave, the Humble, and the Great,
In Shoals all throng, and all at *Seſtos* meet;
The Women ſure would never miſs the Day,
To gain new Conqueſts, and new Charms diſplay;
They too the glorious Feſtival adorn'd,
Of all her Fair bereft *Cythera* mourn'd;
On fragrant *Libanus* the Dancing ceas'd,
The Dancers all were preſent at the Feaſt.
When Feaſts invite, and Beauty calls away,
What Youth ſo cold, but would with Joy obey?
Impell'd by Love, each left his Native Home,
Some from *Hæmonia*, and from *Cyprus* ſome,
But all from *Phrygia*, and *Abydos* come.
Devotion ſcarcely did their Breaſts inflame,
Nor fir'd by Zeal the Youthful Wand'rers came,
They deem'd it Heav'n alone to view the Fair,
And humbly pay'd their Adoration there.
Their Hearts they offer'd to the brighteſt Eyes,
And were Themſelves the Prieſts and Sacrifice.
Hero the Fair, as *Venus'* Prieſteſs, pay'd
Her due Attendance, and her Charge obey'd;

She ſpoke, ſhe mov'd with more than Mortal Grace,
A beamy Brightneſs play'd around her Face,
And double Glory fill'd the ſacred Place.
The Radiant Pow'r, who gilds the ſable Night,
Ne'er look'd ſo fair, nor ever ſhone ſo bright;
The blooming Colours, which her Cheeks diſcloſe,
The Lilly ſham'd, and double-dy'd the Roſe;
The flow'ry Chaplets, which adorn'd the Maid,
Confeſs'd her Charms, and bluſhing hung their Head;
Her Feet the Shortneſs of her Stole reveal'd,
And gave to gueſs what Beauties lay conceal'd;
With Roſes deck'd by Turns they pleas'd the Sight,
While ſcatter'd Odours gave the Smell Delight;
All roſy red the modeſt Virgin glow'd,
And pleaſing as a flow'ry Meadow ſhow'd.
To Beauty blind, the doating Bards in vain
Confin'd of old to *Three* the *Graces'* Train;
Their mean, dull Notions we believe no more,
But better taught extend the ſcanty Store;
Had they too ſeen what Charms fair *Hero* crown'd,
They too convinc'd would have enlarg'd their Bound,
While from each Motion num'rous Graces riſe,
Dance in her Smiles, and wanton in her Eyes.
Well was the Virgin worthy Beauty's Queen,
In whom ſuch Charms, ſuch Heav'nly Charms were ſeen;

Well was the Goddeſs worthy ſuch a Maid,
Who Beauties equal with her own diſplay'd,
As One on Earth, ſo One excell'd Above,
A Mortal *Venus* ſerv'd th' Immortal Queen of Love.
Each gazing Youth perceiv'd a pleaſing Smart,
And felt the Fair One gliding to his Heart;
The lov'd Idea ſeiz'd each am'rous Breaſt,
In tender Wiſhes each his Flame expreſs'd;
Not one but long'd thoſe mighty Joys to know,
Which beauteous *Hero* could alone beſtow;
Where e're ſhe mov'd, ſhe ſcatter'd Deaths around,
Each Motion killing, and each Glance a Wound;
All Eyes, all Wiſhes center'd in the Maid,
Her ev'ry Action ev'ry Eye obey'd,
Mov'd when She mov'd, and when She ſtop'd was ſtay'd.
Struck with Aſtoniſhment, with Love poſſeſs'd,
Some wounded Youth his Paſſion thus expreſs'd,
And eas'd the Tumults in his lab'ring Breaſt;
"Well-read in Beauty much theſe Eyes have ſeen,
"Have *Sparta* view'd, at *Lacedæmon* been;
"(Contending Beauties there exert each Art,
"Reſiſtleſs Looks fire each Beholder's Heart,
"Juſt Emulation! for the faireſt Prize
"Rewards their Pains, and crowns the brighteſt Eyes;)

"But

"But never yet beheld a Maid ſo fair,
"A Form ſo beauteous, ſo Divine an Air,
"At once ſo ſweetly blended in one Face
"Such winning Softneſs, and ſuch awful Grace:
"A Frame ſo perfect ne'er could ſpring from Earth,
"Such Heav'nly Charms from Heav'n derive their Birth;
"Some *Grace* perhaps has left the Seats above,
"And here below attends the Queen of Love.
"My Eyes grow dim, my dazled Sight is gone,
"Tir'd, but not ſatisfy'd with looking on:
"Though certain Death Enjoyment ſhould attend,
"Cheaply, I'd think, the beauteous Prize were gain'd;
"Nay wou'd ev'n *Jove* reſign his Throne above,
"And give his Empire in Exchange for Love,
"I'd chuſe the Maid, and with Contempt look down
"On the bright Honours of th' Immortal Crown.
"Grant me, kind *Venus*, grant this World of Charms
"To grace my Bed, and fill Theſe longing Arms;
"If This you ſlight, receive my Second Pray'r,
"And give, oh! give Me ſuch another Fair.

His Paſſion thus ſome bolder Youth avow'd,
Confeſs'd his Flame, and told his Plaints aloud,
While tim'rous Hearts with equal Paſſion fill'd,
In Silence pin'd, and inward Fires conceal'd.

But who could poor *Leander*'s Pains unfold,
Fierce, raging Pains, too ſtrong to be controul'd?
The riſing Paſſion ſcorn'd to be ſuppreſs'd,
Inflam'd his Soul, and ſwell'd his heaving Breaſt.
Urg'd by the Smart, and ſtung with furious Love,
The vent'rous Youth reſolv'd his Suit to move;
He ſcorn'd to periſh by conceal'd Deſires,
Or waſt away in ſlow, conſuming Fires;
For who wou'd Pains, which might be heal'd, endure,
And fondly dye, nor 'tempt, at leaſt, a Cure.
Such flatt'ring Thoughts *Leander*'s Flame improv'd,
For ſtill the more he hop'd, the more he lov'd;
With longing Eyes he view'd the lovely Maid,
His Eyes the Poiſon to his Heart convey'd,
His Pulſe beat quick, and ev'ry Member glow'd,
His ſparkling Eyes his inward Fever ſhow'd,
The gliding Venom ſlid thro' ev'ry Part,
And melting Fires conſum'd his throbbing Heart.
Lovers, take heed, Ye am'rous Youths, beware,
Nor heedleſs gaze on the too killing Fair;
Not half ſo ſwift the winged Arrow flies,
Not half ſo ſure, as Shafts from ſparkling Eyes;
The pleaſing Bane with ſmooth, deceitful Art
Steals thro' the Eyes, and ſettles in the Heart:

Shun then the glitt'ring Ruin, or too late
You'll curse your Folly, and lament your Fate.

Unruly Passions now the Youth possess'd,
And civil Discord rent his lab'ring Breast;
Fear, Shame, Amazement beat alternate Sway,
By turns All govern, and by turns obey;
Oft at the Fair, o'erpow'r'd by Love, he gaz'd,
As oft her Charms his troubled Mind amaz'd;
Now Resolution fir'd his glowing Breast,
Now anxious Dread his panting Heart oppress'd,
'Till Love, embold'ning Love, possess'd the Throne,
Compos'd the Feuds, and Victor reign'd alone;
The God with Hopes the wav'ring Youth inspir'd,
And Fear, and awkward Modesty retir'd;
He said, the Way to prosper was to dare;
A bashful Lover never gain'd the Fair!

Th' encourag'd Youth a willing Ardour show'd
T' obey th' Instructions of th' inspiring God;
With silent Steps *Leander* nigher drew,
A side-long Glance at beauteous *Hero* threw,
Adorn'd with all those luring Arts, that move
An am'rous Breast, and tune the Soul to Love.

Soon did the joyful Maid his Flame disclose,
And bless'd her Charms, from whence his Passion rose;

She too Herſelf receiv'd an equal Wound,
Oft fix'd her downcaſt Eyes upon the Ground,
Oft at the beauteous Youth, with Paſſion ſtruck,
At unawares ſhe ſtole a tim'rous Look;
Then red with Bluſhes check'd the bold Delight,
And ſeiz'd with Shame recall'd her wand'ring Sight,
Then look'd, and ſigh'd, and ſigh'd, and look'd again,
Then turn'd her Face, and awkward ſtrove in vain
To hide her Love, and ill-diſſembled Pain.
With Joy the Youth perceiv'd his Paſſion known,
And ſaw the Virgin's equal with his own;
Raging with Love, impatient of Delay,
He chid the Light, and curs'd the ling'ring Day:
At length aroſe the Planet of the Night,
And Darkneſs (Friend of Love) ſhut in the Light;
Propitious Darkneſs, and the dusky Shade,
For ſecret Joys, and baſhful Lovers made,
New Hopes, new Boldneſs to his Soul convey'd.
H' approach'd the Fair, with ardent, longing Eyes
Survey'd, devour'd the lovely, trembling Prize.
Fluſh'd with Deſire her roſy Hand he preſs'd,
While Sighs inceſſant clove his heaving Breaſt,
Whoſe dumb, reſpectful Eloquence cou'd move,
Beyond the bolder Arts of ſpeaking Love.

The Fair, diſſembling Paſſion, nothing ſpoke,
But chid his Boldneſs with an angry Look;
Inſpir'd by Love (how quick are Lover's Eyes!)
The am'rous Youth perceiv'd the thin Diſguiſe;
Perceiv'd what Doubts her wav'ring Mind poſſeſs'd,
And ſaw the Conflict riſing in her Breaſt;
From hence his Love encourag'd bolder grew,
The Maid within the farther Court he drew;
But ſhe, as though with an unwilling Mind,
Came ſlowly on, and ſeem'd to lag behind;
At length the beauteous Prieſteſs Silence broke,
And threat'ning Words (as Women uſe) ſhe ſpoke;
"Stranger, what Frenzy does your Mind invade?
"Bold Man, how dare you thus attempt a Maid?
"Let looſe my Garment, and from hence retire,
"Nor fondly tempt my wealthy Parents Ire;
"At leaſt, provoke not thus a Deity,
"Nor vex my Goddeſs by affronting Me;
"Or can you think, preſumptuous Youth, and vain,
"So ſhort a Time a Maid's Conſent can gain?
"Means muſt be try'd, and various Hardſhips run;
"A modeſt Virgin muſt with Pains be won!
She threat'ned thus (ſuch Threats become the Fair)
But the pleas'd Youth cou'd well ſuch Chidings bear;

In Love well-skill'd he ſaw the thin Diſguiſe,
And read the yielding Female in her Eyes;
(For ever note that Women's Threat'nings prove
The ſure Forerunners of their future Love,)
The Boy, by Love's o'eruling Paſſion ſway'd,
Firſt kiſs'd her fragrant, iv'ry Neck, then ſaid;
"Fair Virgin, worthy to adorn the Skies,
"As *Venus* Fair, and as *Minerva* wiſe,
"Bleſs'd is the Man, to whom Thou ow'ſt thy Birth,
"And doubly bleſs'd the Womb, which brought Thee forth;
"A Frame, in which ſuch Heav'nly Graces ſhine,
"Muſt ſure contain a Mind no leſs Divine;
"Let not, fair Maid, that ſoft, that yielding Breaſt
"Be by a hard, relentleſs Soul poſſeſs'd;
"With Pity view my Suff'rings, hear my Pray'r,
"Hear, and compaſſionate a Lover's Care;
"As *Venus'* Prieſteſs, I conjure you, prove
"Your ſelf obedient to the Queen of Love;
"How dare you thus reſiſt her mighty Sway?
"You own her Pow'r, her Laws you diſobey.
"What has a Maid to do with *Venus'* Rites?
"The wanton Goddeſs in no Maid delights.
"To *Venus* ſacred She can ne'er be ſaid,
"Who ſhuns the Pleaſures of the Marriage-Bed;

"If

"If your Devotion is unfeign'd, and true,
"What the fair Queen, and Love enjoin, purſue.
"If then, by Me perſwaded, You would prove
"The Marriage-Joys, and learn the Ways of Love,
"Behold your Slave —— and oh! that I might claim
"A nearer Tie, a Husband's dearer Name!
"Nor think unbid to court you I preſume,
"With fair Credentials from your Queen I come;
"With her the God of Love is on my Side,
"He brought Me here, and deſtin'd You my Bride;
"As once *Alcides*, at a *God's Command,
"Serv'd the fair † Princeſs of *Maonia*'s Land,
"So I, whom here a God Superior drew,
"At his Command ſubmit my ſelf to You.
"Should you, fair Maid, my Service diſapprove,
"You anger *Venus*, and the God of Love;
"Beware betimes, your Queen's Command purſue,
"Nor *Atalanta*'s dreadful Fate renew;
"Fondly, like you, her Chaſtity ſhe priz'd,
"And, deaf to Love, *Meilanion*'s Bed deſpis'd;
"Not long deſpis'd; for ſoon ſhe felt the Weight
"Of *Cupid*'s Anger, and of *Venus*' Hate;
"To Her the Pow'rs transfer'd her Lover's Pain,
"Like him ſhe lov'd, and lov'd like him in vain.

* *Mercury's.* † *Omphale.*

"May

"May Heav'n from Thee, dear Maid, this Fate remove,
"Yet ſtill beware, nor ſhun my proffer'd Love.
His Words (whom won'd not Words like theſe perſwade?)
His moving Words ſeduc'd the yielding Maid;
Silent on Earth ſhe fix'd her downcaſt Eye,
While her fair Viſage glow'd a crimſon Dye;
Her trembling Limbs could ſcarce ſupport her Weight,
Falter'd her Steps, nor ſteady was her Gate;
Diſorder'd Actions her new Flame reveal'd,
While with her Robe the lovely Virgin, fill'd
With Shame, her Breaſt, and iv'ry Neck conceal'd.
Who cannot gueſs what this Confuſion meant?
In yielding Maids their Silence ſpeaks Conſent.
The beauteous Prieſteſs now began to prove
The pleaſing Pain, the bitter Sweet of Love.
His Fires now fiercely glow within her Breaſt,
Leander's Form all, all her Soul poſſeſs'd.
While thus her Eyes half-clos'd beheld the Ground,
Th' enamour'd Youth ſurvey'd her all around,
With burning Eyes he ran her Body o'er,
And ſtill the more he look'd, he lov'd the more.
A thouſand Fears her panting Boſom ſhook,
Till bluſhing, with a melting, dying Look,
After a long, long Silence thus ſhe ſpoke.

"Thy

"Thy Words ev'n Things Inanimate might move;
"Who taught Thee first the winning Arts of Love?
"By whom conducted didst Thou hither roam?
"Alas! what brought Thee from thy Native Home?
"Where didst thou learn this soft, this pleasing Strain?
"Pleasing indeed! but yet 'tis told in vain:
"By what Assurance can I hold your Love?
"You are a Stranger, and may Faithless prove.
"Suppose, to you my secret Thoughts incline,
"By lawful Wedlock you cou'd ne'er be mine;
"Still I must want my Friend's concurrent Voice,
"My rigid Parents would condemn my Choice.
"See then, what Bars obstruct our mutual Flame,
"Though Nature prompted, Duty would reclaim.
"Some secret Pleasures haply you propose,
"Precarious Joys, which Time must soon disclose.
"The World is now so fond of Scandal grown,
"Your private Actions are in publick shown;
"At *Sestos* here, should you, a Stranger, stay,
"'Tis gues'd with Ease what sland'rous Tongues would say.
"But yet tho' Duty must obstruct thy Pray'r,
"And rigid Virtue starts, and bids beware;
"This I must own, 'twill please my Soul to know
"To whom this Debt of proffer'd Love I owe;

"Your

"Your Name, your Country, and your Lineage ſhew,
"Tell then, and, as you love me, tell me true:
"Too well alaſs! I fear, thou know'ſt my own,
"Better for *Hero* hadſt thou never known!
"Near *Seſtos'* Shore a noted Tow'r there ſtands,
"Whoſe riſing Height a diſtant View commands:
"Here with one Maid (for ſo my Friends decree'd)
"A diſmal, melancholy Life I lead;
"No kind Companion of my tender Years
"My lonely Dwelling with her Preſence chears:
"The tedious Hours roll heavily away,
"No youthful Sports are there, but Night and Day
"I hear the Roaring of the windy Bay.

She ſpoke, and bluſhing hung her beauteous Head,
Oppreſs'd with Shame at what her ſelf had ſaid:
Th' attentive Youth on ev'ry Accent hung,
Charm'd with the melting Muſick of her Tongue;
Tho' ſtop'd, he ſeem'd her tuneful Voice to hear,
And her laſt Sounds ſtill warbled in his Ear;
'Twas Love had taught her Words 'till then unknown,
Mild was her Speech, and tender was her Tone;
Nor Pride, nor Anger on her Brow remain'd,
Love, Love alone, and yielding Softneſs reign'd;
All free from Foils appear'd her Beauty's Store,
And thouſand Charms broke out, unſeen before.

Leander's Eyes, with tender Paſſion fill'd,
The lovely Maid with ſoft Regard beheld,
If ought 'till then within his Breaſt remain'd
Unconquer'd ſtill, and Beauty's Force ſuſtain'd,
Diſſolv'd with Love the ſtubborn Metal ran,
And ſoft Affection quell'd his beſt of Man.
A thouſand Conflicts in his Breaſt ariſe,
Reſolv'd to die, or win the beauteous Prize;
Fierce to enjoy, with raging Paſſion warm'd,
To gain the Fair a thouſand Plots he form'd.
The ſubtle God, who cauſes Lovers Pain,
Oft cures their Ails, and heals their Wounds again,
Pitying the Smart he caus'd them to endure,
Prepares the Med'cine, and points out the Cure.
He knew what Doubts *Leander*'s Soul poſſeſs'd,
And ſaw the wild Diſorders in his Breaſt,
Then healing Counſel to his Mind infus'd,
Who, ſighing firſt, theſe wily Speeches us'd;
"I'd wade thro' thouſand Dangers to thoſe Arms,
"Nor Death himſelf ſhould fright me from thy Charms;
"Tho' rolling Flames the Water's Place ſupply'd,
"To gain thy Love I'd ſtem the blazing Tide;
"Juſtly you ask what Country claims my Birth,
"Then know, *Abydos* is my Native Earth:

From

"From thence each Night I'll croſs this parting Stream,
"(The Stream will narrow to a Lover ſeem)
"Then pale, cold, ſhiv'ring fly into thy Arms,
"Diſſolve in Joys, and die upon thy Charms.
"But ſtill when *Phœbus* flies the Shades of Night,
"From off thy Turret hang ſome friendly Light,
"Thro' trackleſs Seas to guide my wandring Sight.
"No heav'nly Conſtellation will I view,
"Be That the Star to guide my Courſe to you.
"Thou, Thou ſhalt be the pleaſant Land of Love,
"Whilſt I, fair Maid, the bold Advent'rer prove,
"To thoſe bleſs'd Coaſts, that happy Climate bound,
"Where circling Joys, and endleſs Bliſs are found.
"But ah! beware leſt Winds put out the Fire;
"Nor let your Lover with the Light expire;
"Then raging Seas would quench my vital Flame,
"And endleſs Night o'erwhelm *Leander*'s Name;
"For thus I'm call'd, and let me dare to add,
"The future Partner of fair *Hero*'s Bed.

Thus the fond Virgin, and the am'rous Boy,
Concerted Meaſures to conceal their Joy,
Their Troth they plighted, and agree'd to prove
For ever faithful to their ſecret Love,
She to expoſe the Light, and nightly He,
The Signal giv'n, to croſs the diſtant Sea.

The Night in fond Endearments slip'd away,
And dawning Light proclaim'd approaching Day;
Th' unwelcome Morning caus'd them to divide,
And forc'd the Bridegroom from his beauteous Bride;
She to her Castle went, the Youth pass'd o'er,
And safely reach'd the *Abydenian* Shore:
Some Tokens, e'er he went, he left behind,
Observ'd, and fix'd his Place to land in Mind,
Lest Shades of Darkness should Confusion breed,
And dusky Night his wand'ring Steps mislead.

The loving Pair on future Joys intent
The tedious Day with fierce Impatience spent;
Their ardent Wishes call'd the friendly Night,
The kind Concealer of their stol'n Delight:
She came at last, and drowzy Mortals slept,
But watchful Love the Bridegroom waking kept;
Wing'd with Desire, and fill'd with pleasing Thought,
The neighb'ring Strand with eager Steps he sought,
And many a longing Look, and tender View,
Across the Seas to *Hero*'s Tow'r he threw;
Panting with Joy, he stay'd the promis'd Sign,
And wish'd to see the Torch exalted shine;
At length the long'd-for, welcome Minute came,
When settled Darkness did the Night proclaim,
Thro' the dim Shades he saw the glimm'ring Flame.

Soon

Soon as the ardent Youth perceiv'd the Fire,
He felt his Breaſt inflam'd with ſtrong Deſire;
Flames, hot as That, did in his Boſom play,
Conſume his Heart, and melt his Soul away.
Some time he ſtood uncertain on the Shore,
He ſaw the Waves, and hear'd the diſtant, hollow Roar;
Terror at firſt his anxious Soul oppreſs'd,
And threat'ning Danger ſhook his troubled Breaſt,
Till, urg'd by Love, the Youth no longer fear'd,
But with theſe Words his drooping Spirits chear'd;
"The troubled Waves, that thus tumultuous roll,
Expreſs the wild Diſorders in my Soul;
The fierce, and raging Seas command my Stay,
And Love, as raging, and as fierce as They,
Urges my Flight, and bids me haſt away.
Be firm, my Soul, and ſcorn the ſtormy Main,
Let Fear give Way to Love's Superior Pain.
Dread'ſt thou the Waves? Not *Neptune*'s watry Store
Could make theſe Flames within me burn no more.
Hence from my Breaſt theſe needleſs Fears remove,
And truſt ſecure the potent Queen of Love;
Sprung from the Main, the watry Realms obey
The mighty Goddeſs, and confeſs her Sway;

"Hear

"Hear then, Cœleſtial Charmer, hear my Pray'r,
"And ſmile propitious on a loving Pair,
"Who claim from Thee a more than common Care.
"We bind Thee to us with a double Tie,
"Thy Prieſteſs She, thy faithful Servant I.
"For both our Sakes then grant thy needful Aid,
"And heal the Wounds, which thou thy ſelf haſt made.

He ſpoke, and ſtrait himſelf he diſarray'd,
And all to View his lovely Limbs diſplay'd,
Then gather'd up his looſe Attire, and round
His Head a Length of flowing Robe he wound.

The dauntleſs Youth, reſolv'd to venture o'er,
The Land forſaking, ſprung from off the Shore;
The ſhining Light with ſtedfaſt Eyes he view'd,
And, ſteer'd by That, his watry Courſe purſu'd,
With rowing Arms he cut the liquid Deep,
Himſelf the Pilot, Paſſenger, and Ship.

Mean while the Fair, regardful of her Love,
From off the Turret hung the Light above,
And whenceſoe'er the Winds impetuous blew,
That Way the cautious Maid her Garment threw.

But now the Youth had reach'd the farther Side,
And in ſoft Whiſpers call'd the watchful Bride;
The liſt'ning Fair the promis'd Signal drew,
Swift to the Shore on Wings of Love ſhe flew,

Shot to his Arms, and wrapp'd with ſilent Joy
In ſtrict Embraces ſtrain'd the panting Boy.
A ſecret Room the fair Conductreſs ſought,
(The Field where oft the Fights of Love were fought)
With Sweets ſhe chas'd the fiſhy Scent away,
And clear'd the Skum, which on his Body lay,
Steep'd in the Brine, and ſpent with Length of Toil,
His Limbs with Perfumes bath'd, and fragrant Oil,
Dry'd his wet Locks, and turn'd with artful Care
The looſen'd Ringlets of his trickling Hair.
Now on a ſoft, and eaſy Bed the Maid
The Bridegroom, ſcarce recover'd yet, had lay'd;
Then, clinging round him, theſe ſoft Words ſhe us'd,
And thrilling Joys into his Soul infus'd;
"What has my Charmer ſuffer'd for my ſake?
"Dangers, which None but He would undertake:
"What has my Charmer ſuffer'd? take thy reſt,
"Warm thy cold Body on my glowing Breaſt:
"Enough of Swimming, and enough of Pain
"Thou'ſt known already on the noiſome Main,
"Forget your Cares, within this Circle plac'd,
"And in theſe Arms think all your Troubles paſs'd.
Soon as the Fair her pleaſing Speech had done,
The raviſh'd Bridegroom loos'd her Virgin-Zone;

And now *Leander*, and the *Sestian* Maid,
Shar'd mutual Joys, and *Venus'* Laws obey'd;
The silent Wedding was without a Guest,
The Marriage-Rites without the Marriage-Feast.
No tuneful Bard with Nuptial Hymns was there,
To bless the Bed, or hail the happy Pair.
No Dance was seen, no *Hymenæal* Throng,
Nor joyful Parents sung the Bridal Song.
No Nuptial Torch did with it's sacred Flame
Or grace the Bed, or Marriage-Rites proclaim;
Night lay'd the Bride, and gentle *Silence* spread
Her fleecy Mantle o'er the Nuptial Bed.
Ne'er did the Morn, or *Phœbus'* piercing Eye
Perceive their Joys, or secret Pleasures spy.

Now were the friendly Shades of Night withdrawn,
Aurora blush'd, and Day began to dawn;
Compell'd to go, the Youth withdrew in Haste,
With Joy reflecting on his Pleasures past;
The cautious Maid conceal'd her stol'n Delight,
By Day a Virgin, and a Bride by Night.
Both with Impatience stay'd the setting Sun,
The Loving Pair, still as the Day was done,
Renew'd their Pleasures, and fresh Joys begun.

The happy Minutes thus run smoothly on,
Their Loves conceal'd, and their Amour unknown;

Fo

For ſome ſhort Time theſe fond Endearments paſs'd,
But ah! their Pleaſures were too great to laſt!
The Seaſons alter'd ſhew'd the Winter near,
And chang'd the Face of the declining Year;
Whirlwinds in Eddies curl the foaming Main,
And ſweeping Tempeſts laſh the watry Plain,
Old *Ocean* trembles with the boiſt'rous Blow,
And *Neptune*'s Palace feels the Shock below;
Th' experienc'd Sailor ſees the Storm ariſe,
And gath'ring Clouds obſcure the gloomy Skies,
Stands in to Shore, and ſhuns with prudent Care
The wintry Tempeſts, and the watry War.
Nor Storms, nor Seas the dauntleſs Youth could move,
Nor Storms, nor Seas could interrupt his Love;
Th' accuſtom'd Sign th' unhappy Lover drew,
And urg'd him on paſt Pleaſures to renew;
The Flame, which led him to his Joys of late,
(Falſe, and unkind!) now led him to his Fate.
Oh! had but Prudence taught the loving Fair
To ſhort a while *Leander*'s Loſs to bear,
Had her fond Paſſion brook'd ſo juſt a Stay,
When Winter's Storms oppos'd her Lover's Way,
Long might the Youth —— but ceaſe we to upbraid,
Love, pow'rful Love, o'ercame an eaſy Maid,

And dear Experience makes the wiſeſt prove,
Ill ſuits Diſcretion with the Rage of Love!
Now ſhone the Torch upon the fatal Night,
No more a Nuptial, but a Fun'ral Light;
Dark were the Heav'ns, the Wind began to roar,
And riſing Waves came heaving in to Shore,
By Paſſion ſway'd, when bold *Leander* ſtrove
Thro' ſtormy Seas to reach the Joys of Love;
With rowing Arms at firſt he bears aſide
Each mounting Surge, and backs the ridgy Tide;
But now the Storm exerted all it's Force,
And rolling Mountains ſtop'd him in his Courſe,
Waves daſh'd on Waves in foaming Heaps ariſe,
And meeting Billows ſparkle in the Skies,
From ev'ry Point the guſty Tempeſt blows,
And jarring Winds their adverſe Blaſts oppoſe;
Such horrid Scenes at length the Youth diſmay'd,
He oft implor'd the Sea-born *Venus'* Aid,
And oft the watry King's Aſſiſtance pray'd.
The bluſt'ring *North* (he once had felt Love's Flame)
He beg'd, conjur'd by *Atthis'* much lov'd Name;
Conjur'd, that, as a Lover, he would prove
Kind, and propitious to another's Love;
In vain he pray'd; nor did the Storm abate;
Fate conquers all, and Love muſt yield to Fate!

The raging Winds breath'd nothing but Deſpair,
And rolling Waters toſs'd him here and there,
Fainter and fainter yet his Strokes he took,
Till Strength at laſt his tiring Limbs forſook;
Each cruel Wave ſtill haſt'ned on his Death,
Roll'd o'er his Head, and ſtop'd his ſtruggling Breath,
Relentleſs Winds had now blown out the Light;
The Youth, and That at once ſunk down to endleſs Night.

Mean while the reſtleſs, miſerable Maid
Waited her Love, and wonder'd why he ſtay'd;
The Night, with various Paſſions toſs'd, ſhe paſs'd,
The Shades diſpers'd, and Morning came at laſt;
Twixt Hopes and Fears upon the Tow'r ſhe ſtood,
And caſt her Eyes along the diſtant Flood,
Then the known Beach, and neighb'ring Strand ſurvey'd,
In Hopes her Husband in the Dark had ſtray'd;
But oh! too ſoon ſhe ſaw him on the Shore,
A breathleſs Corps with Rocks and Waters tore!
Ah! how unlike he ſeem'd to him, whoſe Charms
Had gain'd her Heart, and once had fill'd her Arms!

So dire a Sight what loving Heart could bear?
Cold, chilling Horrors ſeiz'd th' aſtoniſh'd Fair,
A creeping Numneſs bound her freezing Blood,
A ſilent Statue, fix'd with Grief, ſhe ſtood,

With ghaſtly Looks the killing Object view'd,
Nor flowing Tears her ſtupid Eyes bedew'd:
At length the Flood of Grief aſſum'd it's Courſe,
And, like check'd Torrents, ruſh'd with double Force;
With burſting Tears her Sorrows forc'd a Vent,
With piercing Shrieks relentleſs Heav'n ſhe rent,
With cruel Grief ſhe beat her ſnowy Breaſt,
And furious tore with frantick Rage her Veſt;
From off the Tow'r, then, with a ſudden Leap,
Downward ſhe ſhot, and plung'd beneath the Deep.
Thus for *Leander* dead fair *Hero* dy'd;
Nor could the Sea, nor Death himſelf divide
Th' unhappy Bridegroom from his faithful Bride.

FINIS.